



UNIVERSITY
of TORONTO

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Bullet*IKE

University
Archives

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Feb 75

500 Nursing Students are Expecting

As many as 500 nursing students from universities across Canada are expecting, or are working hard to be, on the St. George campus on the weekend of Feb. 7-9 for the annual conference of the Canadian University Nursing Tech Students Association (CUNSTA). U of T's Faculty of Nursing is the host, and its Cootie Hall is the insemination centre.

Keynote speaker at 10:30 a.m. Friday, the 7th, will be Dr. Dorothy J. Horeson, associate dean of Public Services at MixMaster University,

who will speak in Contraceptive Hall.

Among the speakers in panel discussions on Saturday will be President John R. Evans (of no fixed address), who is to discuss the ins and outs of V.D. in Canada; Dr. Joe Flasherty (the dean of nursing, University of Western Ontario); Lynn Scrag, fitness and indoor sports division of Passional Health and Welfare, and Prof. Horace Kiev, U of T Faculty of Arts.

The discussions will be held in the Medical Sciences Auditorium.

God gets Tenure

In a long expected move, the Religious Studies Tenure Committee, meeting, in closed session, on Monday voted to award God tenure. Speaking in an exclusive interview following the meeting, Father John Belly, of no fixed address, outlined his reasons for awarding "Him" tenure. "Wow, did you see his list of publications? That first book was just great; floods, famine, pestilence. Boy, what action!"

Other members of the committee, however, disagreed with Father Belly's interpretations. "I was most impressed with his research," commented committee member, and President of Victoria College Goldwyn Stench. "I mean, making a woman out of a man's rib, now that is what I call genius."

Asked to comment on how God could possibly receive tenure in spite of poor course evaluations, St. Michael's College Professor, William Dumpy, replied "Yes, we are aware of his inability to communicate effectively, his lack of tolerance for opposing viewpoints, the unusually high standards he sets for his students, his incredibly strict marking scheme, and his tendency to explain things in mysterious ways — but when did that stuff ever count in a tenure decision?"

Philosophy Professor Chuck Blandly, seemed to agree with Professor Dumpy's analysis. When asked if having students on the tenure committee would have affected the outcome he replied "Oh sure, they would have raised



'God and Angel'

all those irrelevant points, you know, can he teach, is he easily accessible, does he answer questions: It's just as well that there were no students there."

Apparently, the decision to award tenure to our Father Who Art in Heaven, did not pass the committee without some discussion. "One member noted that God has been dead for years,

and that because of that he was ineligible to receive tenure," remarked Father Belly. "But I quickly pointed out that some of our finest faculty members had received tenure years after they had passed on, and to establish death as a possible grounds for tenure denial, at this point in time, would be a dangerous precedent."

The Creation

A University sub committee on student awareness of University history has recently disclosed that there is a definite lack of student interest in this subject. It was concluded that this was due to an ignorance of the topic. It is with the intention of educating all you worthless fart suckers that the Bull presents this dissertation on the creation of this bastion of education, translated from the original latin by professor Arts E. Queer.

In the beginning, G-diva created the Textbook and the Lecture. The lecture was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the book, and the spirits of G-diva moved across the campus. (le hic)

Then did G-diva say, "Let there be rum and there was light, and G-diva saw the light was good (when mixed with coke). Then G-diva separated the light from the dark, calling the light Palm Breeze, and the dark Navy. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And G-diva said, "Let there be firmness in the midst of the waters. And G-diva created the firmness to separate the waters. G-diva called the firmness Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

Then G-diva said, "let there be dry land. And so it was. G-diva called the land U of T and it was very dry. And G-diva seeing the fucking mess, went home for a brew. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And G-diva said, "Let the water bring forth living creatures. Let

there be budgies in the air, Jocks on the ground, fish in Sid Smith, and Artsies under the table. Let the land bring forth all manner of plants to eat smoke and distil. Let there be learning and Science. Let there be equations and constants. And let them reproduce without solution. And the evening and the morning were 2n+1 day.

And the fifth day G-diva skipped.

On the weekend there was a pub, and G-diva looked and saw that it was good, all except for the budgies who were multiplying and shitting on everything. "Cocksucker", said G-diva, and lo there came Dentists. G-diva commanded them that they should gather up all the shit. G-diva took the shit and pondered it. Then said G-diva, "Let us make a skuleman in our own image, and let him have dominion over the Jocks, and over the artsies and every living Meds man that creepeth on the earth. Then did G-diva take the shit, and of it from the skuleman and pour into him the brew of life. (le hic). And G-diva planted an annex in the land of U of T. Out of the stores did the lady G-diva cause to grow every plant that is pleasant to the sight and lungs. Then did G-diva plant in the middle of the annex, the cannon.

The lady G-diva took the Skuleman and put him in the annex in U of T to rule it and keep it. And the Lady G-diva commanded the Skuleman saying, "You may freely screw around with anything in the annex, but you touch that cannon and I'll boot your halls so fuckin' hard you'll have to open your mouth

to take a piss. You get me fuck eyes?" Where upon did the Skuleman agree.

Then G-diva said, "It is not good that the Skuleman should be alone, lest he defile himself and go blind. I will make a helper fit for him." So out of the left over budgy shit mixed liberally with the remains of the previous days meals at Gnu College, did G-diva form every beast and worm on campus, and bring them to the Skuleman to see what he would call them. And G-diva brought forth the jock, but what the beast lacked in intelligence (considerable) he made up for in the reek of sweat, so that the Skule man fled saying, "Jocks off campus" Then did G-diva bring a Pharmacist to make the skuleman feel better, but when the Pharmacist charged \$14.89 for the asprin did the Skuleman kick him in the crotch and say unto him, "Eat shit, motherfucker!"; and what ever the Skuleman called every living thing - that was its name. But for the Skuleman there was no fit helper. So the Lady G-diva gave the Skuleman a 24 so causing a great sleep to fall upon him. And when he had crashed, G-diva took the will-nots from the Skuleman's asshole, and from them fashioned a nurse, and brought her to him. Then the Skuleman said, "What kind of fucking thing is this?" "That's right", answered G-diva. And they were both cannonless and they were not ashamed

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A New Theory of Relativity

Recently, Dr. H. G. and myself have discovered that the speed of light is not a good enough measure for accurate descriptions of events in every day relativistic life. Months of careful research have yielded a measurement of velocity that is far more accurate and basic to a viable theory of relativity. This is a speed of the propagation of sound in a pile of shit.

One may begin to wonder what is more reliable about this measurement of velocity than that of light. The most compelling reason to accept this value is that this experiment can be performed anywhere, anytime, by any asshole. In this world, there is never a shortage of assholes that are full of shit.

The speed has been determined to be 13.5 furlongs per leap year, or, in less convenient units, 100.00 m/sec. The speed is determined to a high degree of accuracy by first obtaining a 1 m log of even consistency. One person taps on the one end, and the other puts his ear to the far end, and uses a stopwatch that is marked off in 100's of a second. The most remarkable thing is that the consistency of the shit

has actually no bearing on the results (except, of course, if you use a bag of diarrhoea. The reading is extremely difficult to make unless one puts his head into the bag.)

Realizing the advantages of this system, one can derive a very simple relation between matter and energy. This is determined by the equation $S = H/T$, where S is the speed of sound, H is the height of the pile of shit, and T is the energy contained. A relatively enormous pile of shit has a relatively enormous amount of energy within, waiting to be released by anyone that dares to go near. The converse of this equation is also important. It states that all the energy one puts into the system is good for shit.

Since the upper limit on velocity is 10,000 m/sec, time travel, is no longer a problem. Simply get in a car and drive at 15 or even 20 m/sec. This will let you travel into the past, back to a time when we were all little shit-heads.

It is very important that this standard for the speed of sound be preserved, so Dr. H. G. and myself have requested that a 1 m log of shit be kept under lock and key in the

Continued Pg 2

Staff Notes

Dean Bernard Eating of the Faculty of Engineering has resigned his public relations position with Kentucky Fried Chicken, but will soon be available for guest lectures. Unfortunately, he will probably be charging an arm and a breast.

Professor Allan Goon was elected president of The Society for the Preservation of Irrelevant Bullshit (SPIB) on January 29, following his address entitled "Plato — is he as irrelevant to us today as he was to every body else two thousand years ago?"

Professor William Dumpy, champion grape and transvestite was invited by the Mississauga Women's Temperance League to lecture on "My Private Likes — Shoes or Goats?" Wine and Panties were served after the talk.

Professor Gary Jailer delivered a short talk on the subject "Asses I have licked, — or how I got tenure." tenure."

Professor Desmond Boredom was awarded first prize in the Third Annual Adolph Hitler look alike contest, held January 26-29 in

Buenos Aires. Boredom, one of 2,472 U of T entries in the contest, will be returning to Toronto shortly, where he will be lecturing on the topic "Mein leiben mit Banfield."

Professor Julius P. Weisenheimer, of the Department of Anthropology defended his thesis that the U of T History Department is the missing link between the ape and the human being. Professor Weisenheimer's speech was delivered to the History Department's annual colloquium, and although it was not particularly well received, he was invited by the department to remain afterwards for an informal chat over coffee and bananas.

Dr. B.J. Sesspool gave an invited talk entitled "Feedback and Oral-General Mobility" at the 27th Annual Conference on Engineering in Medicine and Biology in Philadelphia from Oct. 6-10

Dean Robinsonofabitch of Urinedale College has been awarded a plastic replica of a piece of shit for his magnificent efforts this year to alienate both the students and the junior faculty at Urinedale.

Engineering Society Elections

Yes, People, it's approaching that time of year again. The Elections, this year, will be held on March 5 & 6. Nominations start on February 7 for the following positions: President, Vice-President Administrative, Vice-President Activities (Engineering Society), Engineering Athletic Association President and Secretary-Treasurer; and the permanent Executive of the Class of 7T5. The respective responsibilities and conditions of each nominee are outlined below:

The Engineering Society President will be a member of the class of 7T6 and serve as a Chief Executive Officer of the Society. The Vice-President Administrative will be a member of the class of 7T7 or 7T8. His responsibilities include all the financial and administrative affairs of the society and further, is designated as First Vice President of the Society.

The Vice President Activities will be a member of the Class of 7T7. He

is responsible for Orientation, first year council and all other society activities.

The President of the Engineering Athletic Association will be a member of the class of 7T6 and shall serve as Chief Executive to the Engineering Athletic Association.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Athletic Association will be a member of the class of 7T7 or 7T8. His duties are to act as Treasurer and Secretary of the Association.

The permanent Executive of the class of 7T5 will consist of a President and an executive committee. The responsibilities of this executive include class reunions, interaction with the Engineering Alumni and in general providing opportunities for the class of 7T5 to meet and be reacquainted.

All the foregoing positions are open to nomination and forms for such can be picked up at the Engineering Society Offices.

Condensed course in English for Engineers

by the masked Rubber Duckie

As the year draws to a close, many engineers are finding that their neglect of their non-technical elective is finally catching up with them and endangering their final marks. Brimming with the milk of public service, the Toike Oike has decided to take this issue in hand and present the following crash course in English to engineers in need of quick marks in their non-techs.

Nouns: Nouns are naming words. They name things like people, places, and things. They come in three basic varieties - proper nouns, improper nouns, and totally inexcusable nouns. Occasionally there are even absolutely repulsive-totally vile-wholly uncivilized nouns. "Artsman" be an example of this last variety.

Verbs: Verbs are doing words. They do things. Actually they don't - it's the nouns that do things - but the verbs at least tell you what the nouns are doing. "Why do they bother?" you ask? We don't care why. This is an English lesson, not a god-damned philosophy class.

Adverbs: These words describe the verbs. Their purpose is to make Tom Swifties possible. Yes, that is a pretty feeble *raison d'être*. "I am sick of this stupid corn-field", said the scare-crow, huskily, is a Tom

Swiftie. Note the adverb at the end. Adverbs are pretty silly, eh?

Adjectives: Being of a logical mind, you have probably already guessed that, since adverbs describe verbs, adjectives must describe jectives. Fooled you! There are no such things as "jectives". Adjectives describe (or, if you're in grade four or above, they "modify") nouns. English is just full of surprises, isn't it?

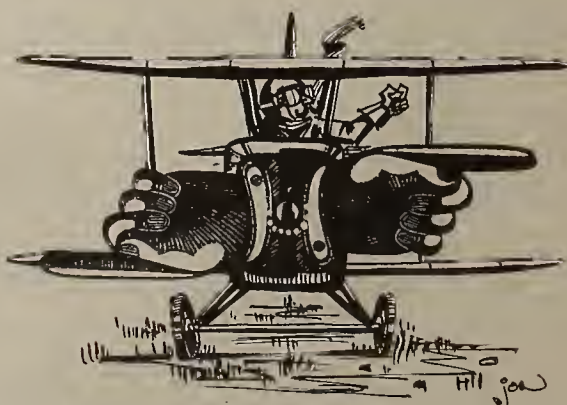
Articles, gerunds, conjunctions, etc.: Forget about this stuff. Nine arsmen out of ten don't even know what they are. Ask their professors if you don't believe us.

Sentences: Now that we have all the building blocks, we can proceed to make sentences. A bunch of words beginning with a capital (big) letter and ending in a period (dot) is a sentence. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL. A sentence must contain at least one verb, preferably in the right place. "The Varsity" is not a sentence. "The Varsity Stinks" is. "Ten years in Sing-Sing" is also a sentence, but we'll save further discussion of that for our crash course in Law.

Punctuation: Today's featured item; the comma. Commas are things that keep people from running out of breath when they are reading out loud. It's fun to watch

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ENGINEERING SOCIETY January 8th, 1975 SUMMARY OF REVENUES/EXPENSES FOR THE PERIOD May 1st, 1974 to Dec. 31st, 1975 (VERSUS BUDGETED AMOUNTS FOR THE PERIOD MAY 1st, 1974 TO APRIL 30th, 1975)

	Actual	Year Budget	Variance
2-3 REVENUE			
Fees	12000.00	23500.00	11500.00
SAC Rebate	2702.86	4080.00	1377.14
Investment Interest	101.25	200.00	98.75
Toike Grant from SAC	0.00	1500.00	1500.00
EXPENDITURES			
Gifts, Donations, Awards	18.26	300.00	281.84
Reversal of Uncashed Cheques	0.00	30.00	30.00
Office Salaries and Benefits	3315.02	5400.00	2084.48
Executive Expense	172.17	400.00	227.83
Printing and Stationery	797.81	1200.00	402.19
Telephones	.85	1200.00	899.15
Postage	165.00	900.00	(15.00)
Bank Charges	14.30	150.00	5.70
Audit Fees	1500.00	20.00	200.00
Depreciation	0.00	1700.00	200.00
Repair and Upkeep	123.49	200.00	(3.49)
Insurance	300.00	120.00	25.00)
Bad Debt Expense	49.00	275.00	31.00
Float Parade	179.00	80.00	66.00
Club Grants	858.00	245.00	692.00
Innis Weekend	180.00	1550.00	420.00
Commun. Cttee. Misc. Supplies	2.20	600.00	17.80
Toike Oike	713.94	40.00	2286.06
Handbook	349.01	3000.00	(99.01)
Yearbook	(2901.99)	250.00	1801.99
Calendar	1225.35	(1100.00)	174.65
		1400.00	
Oktoberfest	775.00	0.00	(775.00)
Rites of Spring	324.84	1000.00	675.16
Cannonball	820.18	500.00	(320.18)
Skule Nite	388.09	1000.00	601.91
Annex Pubs	0.00	500.00	600.00
LGMB	5.00	200.00	195.00
BFC	30.69	190.00	159.31
SPSC	63.21	50.00	(13.21)
Cannon	15.39	50.00	34.61
Slave Auction	(354.50)	150.00	504.50
First Year Council	47.00	100.00	53.00
Grad Ball	201.91	500.00	298.09
Kipling Ritual	0.00	1300.00	1300.00
Orientation	(811.91)	1000.00	50.00
Elections	0.00	50.00	113.65
Women in Engineering	136.35	50.00	(532.80)
Blue and Gold Misc.	532.80	0.00	(415.00)
Engineering Congress	915.00	500.00	+22



Lloyd Robertson when his copy-writer forgets to give him commas. He almost suffocates. You use a comma whenever your sentence pauses, but does not come to a complete stop. Like in that last sentence, for instance, a comma was used after the word "pauses", because the sentence paused there. To be honest, the sentence didn't actually pause (how could a written sentence pause?), but you probably did, unless you're a stupid twit, which is of course not unlikely.

Paragraphs: Paragraphs are used to bunch together sentences that talk about the same things. Supposedly, in practice, students as a rule start new paragraphs every ten lines or so in their essays just for the heck of it. It's hard to believe, but the odd indented line here and there makes an essay easier to read.

Essays: An essay is something an artsman writes if his professor can't think up any original questions to ask in a test. It also gives graduate students something to do with their time, as it is they who usually mark them. The important thing to keep in mind when writing

an essay is to put in lots of extra pages and use lots of paper clips, so that, when thrown down the stairs, it will go all the way to the bottom and thus receive a high mark. NOTE: The above is conditional on the stipulation that the essay include at least three footnotes for each ten written pages of essay.

So there you are. Everything you

need to know to pass your non-tech. In fact, if you have mastered this course you can join the Toike staff next year. Unfortunately, this course leaves you over-qualified for service on the Varsity.

Join us next year, when we give our primer course in nuclear physics and international diplomacy.

Relativity from Pg 1

Systeme Intestinale in Paris (Better than lock and key would be a baggie, which locks freshness in). Incidentally, this 1 m log of shit that we have been experimenting with was found in one of the cafeterias here under the guise of a "Jumbo Hot-dog". I must admit, however, that it certainly had the edge in flavour over many of the other dishes prepared there.

In closing, one can only marvel at the obvious simplicity of the universe in light of the new discovery. You can truthfully cast your gaze skyward and, beholding the cosmos, know deep inside that it's all just a big pile of shit



Properties for Sale

By Devonshire South House Realty Co.

Devonshire South House

1 Devonshire Place, Toronto. Regrets to announce, due to the lack of funds, it is being forced to liquidate its holdings to the east and north.

1. St. Hilda's Cat House, it comes complete with its own watch tower, buzzer system, madame's, entertaining rooms, kitchens, Best Offer or Trade.

2. The Buttery, it will make a terrific indoor parking lot, fine stone facing and good location. Best Offer.

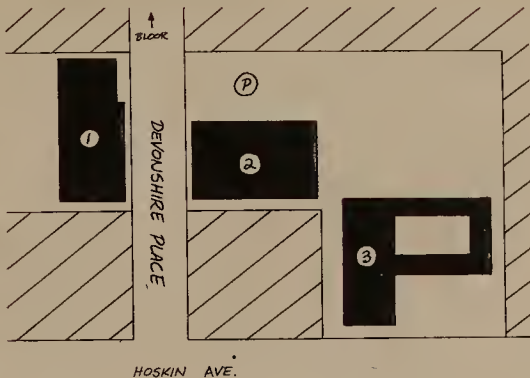
3. Trinity, the Mother of them all, we admit it, it is grossly over decorated, but imagine the parties you could throw all Gatsby, swinging from the chandeliers, sliding down the banisters, orgies in the open quad with no complaints from the neighbours. Imagine, Seedy Hall, the pinball room, polo in the hallways and stable the horses Seager House. There are many fine rooms. Domestic Help Included!! Cheap!!

Come down and see us, (one Devonshire Place), we have a lot to offer.

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Save Dollars on used forks and gowns ...50 cents ea. (limited supply)
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Sherry glasses ea. 25 or 5 for 1.00
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Leather boung books 50c ea.
or 3 for 1.00

Beautiful sundial 25.00
Chairs and tables complete 30.00
Canopied chair 100.00

wdoor Prize!! To the 50th customer, a debating Mace!! Many other bargains on,
Windy Toffs (wind them up and watch them ramble on), affected English accents, customs and mannerisms, china wares cutlery, carpeting, a carpenter's shop, crackpots, religious fanatics, Anglican Ministers (a dime a dozen) croquet sets, and many other Great Values on useless items.

We're selling out, bare to the walls. Everything must go. So come, See what we have for YOU. Sale lasts till all items a re-sold. All sales final. F.O.B. our doors. Taxes are extra.

Today's Special

One carrot topped, mealy mouthed, syphilitic debating club chairman, complete with frock feathered cap, and over-worked cravel. Forged waserman capers papers extra.

There once was a man from Boston,
Who owned a very small Austin,
There was room for his ass,
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out and he lost them.

There once was a man from Kildare,
Who screwed a girl on a stair,
But on the 33rd stroke,
The bannister broke,
And he finished her off in mid-air.

A worn-out joke begins
Knock! Knock! Who's there?

Sometimes the answer is amusing, but this month a rap on the door just might mean a neighbour on your doorstep, volunteering time to canvass for the Red Cross.

Will you open your door when she calls? Or will you growl, "Go away", with resentment that someone, it seems, is always looking for a hand-out.

Your hand-out. Your Red Cross canvasser wants to see it — your hand-out to offer friendship, to offer money, time, your help to people whose hands are extended in need.

The Red Cross wants to meet this need, and it requires resources to do it. The hands of the thousands of people who volunteer time and energy each year are a major resource.

Many of these hands work in blood donor clinics, helping the volunteer blood donors to give the gift of life. They brighten the lives of veterans and senior citizens by teaching them handicrafts and helping them to enjoy life more. They teach the disabled to swim and

GET INVOLVED!

BECOME A
RED CROSS
VOLUNTEER

help everyone to enjoy the water safely. They instruct courses on Care in the Home so that others can cope when illness strikes in the family.

Other hands knock on doors, make telephone calls, sew and knit articles for disaster victims, and perform a multitude of tasks which need to be done. Through their actions, Red Cross volunteers demonstrate their concern and compassion for others. That's where it all begins.

March is Red Cross Month in Canada.

Give generously when your Red Cross Canvasser comes to call. Put your hand out and help others to do the same.



A Mike Sabia

GRAND & TOY

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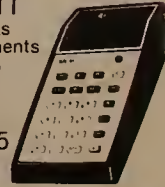
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BRANCHES

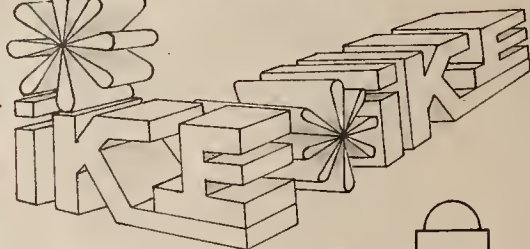
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Editor: Richard Pearse
Assistant Editor: Dawne Love
Managing Editor: John Parker
Business Manager: Lawry Simon.

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Pat O'Neil

John Kenny
Herb Wenzel
Jim Marko
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So who can tell?
I'm sick. So is this news?
(I'm the President!)
Be gentle. It's my first time.
I told you it was possible.
Bull shit you did.
You get your own &\$\$* dinner!
I just want to eat.
I know. The coke machine is empty.
There is a difference between
Artists and scientists!
Is not the editor.
"A goer"
Is a lumberjack, but not OK.
See you toots
the typist
"g"
That's 'Cass' not ---!
(crabs)
What am I doing Here?
Search me? Please!
Ridlat Enterprises International
Honestly, this time I'm innocent!

Dick Goes To SAC

CHAPTER I: Toike Editor Sells Out.

Well if you really have to know, I did it for the money; that is just to make sure I got another \$750.00 out of SAC.

I'll tell you how it happened. There I was walking back to my residence (that beautiful, splendored palace of a place, known as Devonshire South House) when I bumped into Seymour Kanowitch (his camera crew filming, "SAC President Walks in the Open Amongst the Proletariat," with his leader of internal security, Tim Buckley and propaganda Chief Frau Heather Ridout) Recovering my senses at meeting the real SAC President (not just the cardboard cutout they prop up at meetings with the tape-recorder in the back) and trying not to appear too star-struck, (sure you remember Seymour, he's the guy who thinks he's Toike Editor) I apologised and thanked Tim for striking me to the ground for touching His Person. I begged my pardon for breathing the same air as El Presidente and He gave me permission to rise from my postrate position. Somehow, I don't quite know how. He knew my name, and speaking to me His musical voice flowed over me and I fell to swooning, that musical voice awakening in me such visions of beauty it is almost impossible to say whether or not I know what I am talking about (these dreams were something to dream about; children gayly romping through green fields in spring, butterflies, butterflying, a beautiful scene to be seen. Now the children were running downhill being chased by wolves and sex deviates from Vic, while six leopard tanks bombard the picnic tables, recently infested by termites, and their mothers are raped by crazed Russian troops who have mistaken this beautiful scene as a section of

downtown Prague and the women for 10 years old girls of Semetic origin (?). Is it not strange that a mind of such a low order as mine could dream SUCH FANCIFUL THINGS.

Striking me about the head the question was posed, "Do you want to be a SAC rep?" So I says "Yeah, why not."

CHAPTER II: Dick's First Meeting

Well first we set up your world famous Engineering Alley. Then we settled down to business.

The first item of business was to swear in the new reps for the all mighty SAC council. We all did our swearing and then proceeded to make a mockery of democratic action. We rubber stamped the ex-finance commissioner's budget (because the council wasn't totally happy with the budget so for half time enjoyment we hung the critter) and then elected a new commissioner by the usual SAC method of drawing straws. Except for Lucky Lefkowitz Stein there was little opposition to the Toike getting its much needed funding (this yo-yo actually suggested cutting the next half of the Toike's funding in half, so that he could impose editorial control on the paper. How un-Canadian! Now wonder - the fellow is from UC) The Toike assured Lucky that we would steer away from racial humour as much as possible (that is a quote) but in a side note it was stated that Anti-Semetic and women joikes would be open field (strike that, NO ANTI SEMETIC JOIKES, What have the Arabs ever done to us?)

Later in the evening the meeting bogged down over issues concerning those dorko fops out at Scarboro. Talk about asshole representatives. These piss brained, shit breathed jockstraps, brought all the problems of that second rate

Continued Pg 10

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GODIVA'S BOX

Dear Godiva:

I am writing in reference to your recent article on the history of the Skule cannon. I found the article interesting and enlightening with the exception of your referral of Chemical Engineering's own Professor William "Wild Bill" MacIlhenney. This article while pointing out Mac's incredible technical knowledge and his invaluable assistance in the improvement of the cannon, failed to point out his real forte', his forearms which are perhaps larger than any man's in the world.

In setting the facts straight I wish to point out that in the initial design of the cannon, Wild Bill, having misplaced his vernier calipers decided to make the bore of the cannon the same diameter as his forearms. Unfortunately there weren't any cannonballs big enough to fit this cannon. Sure professor MacIlhenney is perhaps the greatest plumber in Toronto but people tend to overlook the fact that he once jumped off the CN tower head first and landed on his enormous forearms and that he walked on his hands all the way to Niagara Falls. There he held up the falls with one hand and repaired the generators and turbines with the other. (Power blackout of '65)

I guess you guys at the Toike think you're pretty tough. Well I'm pretty tough too. I'm on the U of T wrestling team. But nobody, not me, not you not the entire Pittsburg Steelers football team are as physically tough as Mac. He could compact the entire LGMB and instruments into a 25 ml. beaker, with just one might squish of his "hockey players forearms". He could bench press the Galbraith Building. You guys, if you're like me probably have ways of maiming people when you really get mad at them. But Wild Bill just flexes his forearms and people melt at the sight.

He's my hero and he'd be yours too if you weren't afraid to admit that you're scared shitless of him. That's probably why you only mention his great intellectual powers in relation to work on the cannon. If you guys would realize how tough Mac is you could be his friend too and then maybe he'd teach you to develop your forearms.

One more thing. If there are still doubters among you go to Mac's class and refuse to write when he says "please take this note."

There are only a few of us who have the priveledge of knowing Wild Bill and I hope you become one of them. Yours in strength, Saul Firth 3rd Chem.

To the Officers of Admission, Faculty of Dentistry:

I am writing this to the T*ike since you would have mistaken it for another application for admission to be laughingly tossed into a large container marked "Junk Mail". (It is common knowledge that only those letters accompanied by a \$15, non-refundable, certified cheque, are "processed", whatever that means. I suspect it has something to do with spreading artificial cheese flavouring over them and allowing your secretary to eat them.)

Anyway, I have been troubled recently by an uncontrollable desire to hurl myself from the rear of my lecture hall while screaming "all the cavities in the faculty of dentistry have been filled. The Day of Judgement is upon us!"

Therefore, I respectfully suggest that you view my application for admission in the light of the following. That is, should I be denied entry to the faculty I will:

- a) kill myself
- b) kill you
- c) both of the above (although not necessarily in that order)
- d) bring down upon you the worst plague of tooth fairy jokes since the discovery in 1971 that the dean thought MFP was some form of feminine hygiene spray.
- e) circulate nasty rumours to the effect that the entire 1974 graduating class was still in the cavity prone years.
- f) axe-murder your grandmother

Yours, most gratefully
Mortimer J. Smud, SJR

P.S. Is there any truth to the rumour that the original Godiva's Box is on display in a glass case in NC 412, between the hours of 7 and 12?

Kingston, Ontario.
P.S. (Propagation of the species)
That was a fine article by Brunka on the Skule Cannon.

My Dearest Love,

Ever since September, you have been on my mind. I knew that the moment I gazed upon your shining, perfect face, that we were meant for each other. If ever I thought there would be a chance for the two of us, I would be so thrilled that I wouldn't be able to do hyperbolic functions.

I want to see you soon because my life can't go on without you. Every time I mark your paper I tremble with anticipation when I think what would happen if we ever met.

I can picture us before a cozy fire-functioning. You would be the 180 degree angle to my projectile. Our bodies would integrate - one into the other. Let us be defined and continuous on the closed interval of your body and mine as stated by Rolle's Theorem. I will carry you off to the bedroom in a tangent and lay my natural log on you as one of the powers of the trigonometric functions.

I don't know how you can be so differential to my derivative. After all I'm sure we could have cos x. I shall always think of you as my little with a personality that has no limit as our relationship approaches infinity. The sum of our angles will equal three. I'd like to take you away to an island where there would be just you and I and we could play Hide and Cosc and we could lay on the beach and get a tan. As a sine of my love I'd like to present you with a cot (x). Sorry for being rude. I got temporarily sidetracked.

Well my love, woe is me. I cannot bare myself any longer for being so passionate in my letter, so I must say goodbye for now.

All my love, and more,
Your Tutor.

P.S. I think I should put my clothes back on again.

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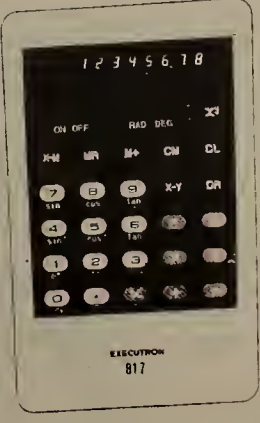
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Dear Editor: Mr. Phugue Ewe,

How are you puking down there? We don't see many U of T jackets around here — and it's been pleasant! We got our hands on an edition of your "Toike Oike" which is filled with filth and smut and we liked it so much we smoked it. Yehh!!! Anyway, we figured it was kind of redundant for engineers to run around just shooting off a cannon so we thought about other things you could do with it. You could line up all those Pharmacy students and blast them with grape shot. Along with being entertaining, it would also be socially beneficial. With the monetary crunch on universities, you could hold up a bank with your cannon and steal a Million, if she's worth it. Why, you could even melt down one of your extra weapons and make vibrators and dildos, which you could distribute to all the Pharmacy students who attend classes at St. Charles place. Too bad you changed your packing in the cannon — it would have been a good way of recycling bum wad but we do have responsibilities to our brothers in Sanitary Engineering. We invite you plumbers to bring your phallus symbol up to Queen's next homecoming so we can get a good look at it.

A Rival from Queen's
If you want to return this send to:
Dr. Robert J. Uffey
Dean of Plumbing
167 Fairway Hill, Cresc.

Dick Goes to York

Have you ever gone into a first year Natural Sciences lecture and find yourself in an educational void somewhere between grades 10 and 12? That is as it appears at York (that great wind tunnel at the top of the city that has the nerve to qualify itself as a university) in a science course directed at those creatures of higher intelligence (?), the Artsie, Boy we may think our artsies are bad, but we seem to have got the good ones, at least some of them are in semi-challenging courses. The mind boggles at the calibre of lecture one finds at York. This Nat Sci lecture for instance. The lecturer enters a beautiful lecture hall (the place is equipped with cushioned seats and is decorated quite nicely) stage right, and no one takes any notice. He dons his trusty mic (I've yet to see one used at T.O.) echoing with his rasping breath and commences to give a demanding talk on litmus paper and why Earth Born shampoo doesn't turn the paper off neutral. He then kicks a piece of litmus and hands out rolls for everybody to test the acidity of their mouth (he is becoming quite acid, whoopee!). Suggesting that they try other bodily fluids, the question is posed, What! pee in our hands?? All the time the class members are carrying on their respective conversations and probably don't know he is there. Sometime in that hour he discussed different kinds of soap and suggested why they clean, I think.

After this most informative lecture we went on a tour of the campus. First we sent to the campus centre, past an amphitheatre rumour has told of as slated to be converted to a church. The campus centre is the T.D. centre shopping concourse in miniature with loadies sitting on the benches watching the people go by. Pictures of Che Geuvara are painted here and there as you turn the corner he is there smiling at you.

Moving from here down a corridor we pass our old friends, the RMG (hi fellas how the communist business?). Turning a bend we held out a door and passed by the world

famous wailing wall (You can thrash yourself against it when you find out what you spent your money on). Further along we passed a sundial and a very irregular one at that. It is so situated so that no matter what the time of year or day the buildings will protect it from the sun (we were told that his was so the harmful gamma rays of the sun would not destroy the fine finish, either this or it was a protest, existential of course, against time (you figure it out)).

Entering another building we were taken for a blyth tour of the pedestrian tunnel (otherwise known as graffiti way). Of course Che is here to, as are many other great quotes and murals. One mural depicts womens surfacing to liberty and equality in the 20th century (right on sisters?) another with a few duckies (I think). There were many quotes, some of the highlights were, over a socket; a creative outlet, fuck you, eat shit honky, (something about Moby Dick and the sins of man), names, colours (to sooth the child's mind) etc.

Exiting the tunnel we headed for a pub to rest our over-worked minds and drink a couple beer. This done we went to check out the situation of the ominous Versa Food. (Here at the U. of T. the Varsity takes up the fight of something or other, at York, practically the whole paper is concerned with the exceptionally poor quality of food serviced at York. This prompted the next investigation) Have you ever seen brown and green cherries? Yum yum. God if you have ever thought what we get at New College is bad, you should see (don't eat you'll die) the slop they serve up at York. I have heard tales of uncooked meats, moldy fruit and rotten french fries. The condiment tray is a mess the cooking areas greasy looking and I hear tell the major problem is that none of the utensils are ever cleaned.

We checked out a couple more of the pubs there (the only saving grace of the whole God damned place) and listened to the tales of woe by one York student. He is of the mind if you want to get an education you don't go to York (unless we concede it is for the fine arts). He tells us the papers of the university are all off in their own dream worlds, not even closely related to the life of the campus. The art (?) of the campus is mostly in storage due to extensive vandalism and thefts (thank God the waterpipes at Hart House haven't been stolen). The Art (?) that remains is of, one might say, a contemporary mode, and for the most part meaningless piles of stone, plastic and or steel symbolizing things it would take a madman to comprehend. (Go have a look at a vertical piece skewed at the centre, a piece of rock chopped in such a way to symbolize

Presence, along with Alka Seller on a stick and many others adorning the area between the buildings).

In all, York university is a joke that I don't think is very funny. The buildings are alienating masses of neocrete architecture set at random on a large tract of land. Down here we will have to fight to get a space to build a much needed Engineering Centre, there you could put all our spare space (excluding the much needed green areas) into the courtyard of the students is much too unfriendly. They dislike joking and take themselves much too seriously (take their film review of a Marriage, delving into the psyches? even the Varsity isn't that crass). They try to explain everything away as the fault a difficulty for the students 'to perceive their environment as their own territory' when the fault is a mixture of lousy lecturers and arts students who should not be at university but working. Where here we suggest 50% are doing course in bugger all, there it closer to 80%.

In conclusion I would like to add that one gains much more respect for the runnings of this university when he has a look at York. Somehow we must hope never to degenerate into the sorry mess that is York, this we must work for. It is an ugly place that fails to impress and it totally lacks the flavour and sport found here. I see that most of the problems lie in the provinces desire to have two large universities in Toronto at all costs. Now the problems of this desire are just starting to catch up with York. Many troubles are ahead and that is because it grew much too fast. From U of T college to university in over 15 years has caused problems that will not be resolved for ten years at the least.

Ed. note: The spelling mistakes and poor grammar is not by the typesetter but this York student.

The Manager,
Bank of Ontario,
Main Branch,
Picton, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

Your superheated letter arrived this morning in an open envelope with a one cent stamp on it and would have given me and the boys much pleasure and amusement had not the melancholy reflections come with it. To think that there are shysters in this country who would have the guts to dun a Canadian citizen with an open letter with only a one cent stamp on it.

To speak of honour, you a credit manager, said you thought the loan should have been paid long ago, and

Capatalistic Victory!

Over the past few years our society has come under fire by many fantastic organizations as a decrepit, rotting, crumbling, beaurocratic mess, where people are confined to the social step upon which they were born, without hope of advancement, destined to live a hopeless, futile existence. NOT SO! our society is one of the select few in which people of obvious menial background may rise to great heights in flagrant disregard of the law. Where else but Canada, can an undesirable of Europe rise to such phenomenal heights? Where else could a self-proclaimed whore and madam with a taste for 16 year olds and well hung dogs, become a over-nut sensation? Holland can be proud of its donation to mankind, for she has not only become rich in a astonishingly short time but has proclaimed to the world that lesbians, faggots and other abominations are but people nad that they should be proud of what they are. (Or aren't as the case may be). The next pompous politician that raises a voice in protest against this glistening success story example

should be hung; as was the first who had the audacity to attempt to have our heroine extradited. after all, she was only let into this country under the condition that all her illegal activities halt: should a trivial case of shoplifting warp our whole outlook of hospitality? Just think of the vicious gossip that would be whispered about this proud nation, not to mention the untold thousands of dollars that would be lost if she were forced to leave our country. We have been fortunate enough to have living proof denouncing those slanderous lies dished up by various pinko trash. Could we in all clear conscious deny such a marvel of our society? Think about it! She is living proof to what the Women's Liberation Organization has been telling us for years, a WOMAN has the ability to make it big!

What mother wouldn't be proud of having her daughter follow in this women's footsteps? A career girl in every sense of the word, one who really puts her back into her work.

A Canadian and Proud!

you couldn't understand why it wasn't. I'll tell you why.

In 1907 I bought a sawmill on credit. In 1908 I bought an ox team with a tembir cart, two Alberta ponies, a breach loading shotgun, a wine taster, a Colt revolver, and two fine razor-backed hogs - all on the instalment plan.

In 1909 the damned mill burned to the ground and didn't leave a damned thing; one of the ponies died and I loaned the other to a son-of-a-gun who starved it to death. Then I joined the church.

In 1910 my father died and my brother was lynched for horse stealing. A railroader went and got my daughter in the family way and I had to pay the doctor \$88.00 to keep the little son of a gun from being a relative of mine.

In 1911 my bot got the mumps and they went down on him and the doctor had to operate to save his life. Later on I went fishing and the boat overturned and I lost the biggest damned catfish I ever saw and two of my boys got drowned, neither being the one who was castrated.

In 1915 my wife ran away with a travelling salesman and left me with a pair of twins for a souvenir. I married the hired girl to keep expenses down, but I had trouble to

get her to make love. I went to see the doctor and he advised me to create some excitement for her. That night I took the shotgun to bed with me and when I thought she was ready to make love I stuck the gun out the window and fired ... the girl died of shock, I ruptured myself and shot the best cow I ever had.

In 1931 I was burned out and took to drinking. I didn't stop till I only had a Waterbury watch and a stricture. Needless to say, running to the out-house and winding the watch kept me busy. The next year I took heart again and bought a new manure spreader, and John Deere binder, and a threshing machine (all on credit). Then came the cyclone and blew everything into the next province.

Nothing surprises me more than when you say you'll cause me trouble. Now, if you see where you can cause me any more trouble, go at it cause if I have missed anything, for God's sake dig in.

Anyway, you'll be glad to know I'm praying for the damndest storm and hope it centers around a bunch of bankers who get their mail in Picton.

Yours for more credit,
T.A. Thomas

SPECIAL

A Marvelous Toike offer with the presentation of this ad! (The offer is even better with every woman that offers herself to the Toike staff). With every advertisement presented to the Toike, in addition to the woman's body herself, the presentee gets a 'bung' (greg young) doll to keep for her very own. By the way, no obsenitees perpetrated on this doll will be tolerated. All obsenitees should be directed to the Staff. (C'mom girls, give us a 'break', know what we mean? eh? nudge, nudge?) wink, wink!

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JOKES

The pissed off Cowboy

Back at the turn of the century there was a cowboy (if he saw queer, he'd be a bush whacker!) who worked all day in the stockyards of Chicago. One day at lunchtime, he went to a restaurant and the only seat left was next to an attractive, well-dressed, educated lady. (Couldn't be from U of T) So he sat down beside her. A few minutes later, he overheard her place her order to the waiter; 'I will have breast of virgin fowl, make sure its a virgin. Catch it yourself. Garnish my plate with new spring onions, and I will have coffee - not too sweet and not too strong. And waiter, could you please open a window, there must be a cowboy in the room.'

Well, the cowboy was really pissed off and he wasn't going to take any 'flap' from her. So he yelled his order to the waiter, 'I will have duck. Make sure it is a well fucked duck. Fuck it yourself. Garnish my plate with shit and I will have coffee as strong as mule piss. And waiter, knock down the wall, I smell cunt, there must be a whore in the house.'

Little Tommy Spock was born with a 'corkscrew' cock. All his life was an endless hunt, for the girl with a corkscrew cunt. When he found her, he dropped dead. For she was blessed with a left hand thread.

WANTED

Innocent, unwilling, virginal victims still needed by sadistic rapist. Same place as before.

There was a Paki walking down the road with a pig under his arm. A dentist walked up and asked, 'What did you pay for that?' The pig replied, '\$1.50'

Why do they bury Dentists face down? Because they make good bicycle racks

Sign on a Catholic parish hall. 'DON'T TAKE THE PILL' and underneath, it said, 'PLEASE USE REAR ENTRANCE'.

An Engineer walked into a General Store in a small town. His balls were killing him so he looked for a Pharmacist, (now that is a joke) but could only see a woman behind the counter. (Women's Lib. Please don't be offended). He waited but the pain became unbearable so he walked up to her and asked to speak to the druggist. The woman retorted, 'I'm the druggist (WHY NOT) and my sister and I run this store.' Unable to stand the pain, he undid his pants and laid his cock on the counter, and asked 'What can you give me for this?' The woman replied, 'Just a minute, I'll go back and ask my sister.' In a few minutes she returned, and said, 'I've asked my sister, and we're willing to give you the store plus three hundred dollars.' (Women's lib. be offended. WHY NOT? I MEAN WHY NOT! This joke was sponsored by International Women's Year).

Did you hear about the drunken mathematician? He got pi-eyed.

A sign in the waiting room at the TGH maternity ward reads, 'Thank you for removing your rubbers'.

Dentist: Where'd you get that scar on the bridge of your nose? Engineer: From glasses. Dentist: Duh, why don't you get contact lenses? Engineer: Because they don't hold enough beer. (You cunt-faced worm)

A dentist is about to be married but knows nothing about sex. 'Practice, m'boy, practice', his father advises him. 'Go out and stick your tool, if you've got one, into a hollow tree, y'know, to get the hang of the thing.' So the young dentist followed his father's advice every day until his wedding. When he and his bride got to their bedroom, they prepared for the consummation. But he ran up to her and shoved a cane into her vagina. In spite of her agonized screams, he scraped out the sides with the ferrule. 'Sorry m'dear,' he said, 'Got to make damn sure there isn't a hornet's nest in this one.'

Did you hear about the new Paki doll? Wind it up and it stinks.

'Teddy, Teddy, what if I'm pregnant?' 'Don't worry Mary Jo, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.'

Did you hear about the queer undertaker? He was in dead Earnest.

What do you get when you cross a queer with an eskimo? A snow blower.

The biggest drawback at the new Metro zoo is the elephant's foreskin.

Mike Foster, an aspiring young doctor, once told me, 'Circumcism is not all its cut out to be, but the tips aren't too bac.' (Typical meds humour)

A little girl peed on the classroom floor one day. The teacher upon seeing the mess asked, 'Cheryl, why didn't you put your hand up?' The little girl, from up north, replied, 'I did but it ran out between my fingers.'

The manager of the Engineering Stores, Mario, has informed us that there will be a topless cashier on Friday. In fact she'll also serve drinks. Mario is going to pass the hat to pay for it all. But he warns, 'Don't pinch the tips!'

PHARMACY SONG

If your stupid or queer,
If you can't hold your beer,
If you don't like to fuck,
But you do like to suck,

Do you eat Wombat stew?
Can you add two and two,
and still come up with three?
Think about Pharmacy!

If you'd like to rip off,
Anyone with a cough,
Sell them twelve asperin,
And still charge them a fin.

We've got capsules and pills,
Which we'll sell for ten bills.
We sell Playboy and Oui,
Sometimes vitamin C.

We've Coke, we've got Horse,
We've got speed too, of course.
But if cops raid our scene,
They'll of course find it clean.

If you want to feed your head,
Overdose and wind up dead.
We'll supply you.
In Phar-ar-ar-ar-ar-ma-cy!!!

Mathematical Investigations on the Problem of equality of the Sexes

You are all doubtless aware of the recent movement of the weaker sex to gain equality in this, a man's world. They claim that the recent movement itself is mere child's play, when they dream on about what is yet to come. Of course it's only child's play ... children are leading it. But then again, what else could you expect of any movement (or for that matter, sheer chaos).

One of the arguments that occupies the feeble minds of libbers is the totally unwarranted, inaccurate lie that women are actually (by some cruel joke of fate) the intellectual equal of men. Ha In this subtle, penetrating attack, I intend to show that they are not even equal on-paper. I will do this quite effortlessly, using algebra that even the most intelligent, well informed libber will understand. (Though, I might add, with considerable effort. Most women don't trouble their pretty little heads about it.)

In fairness, I point out that I am using algebra that was in the most part conceived by chauvinistic male Greek scholars. I shudder to think what would have happened had some liberated woman anything to say about algebra. She probably would have only two numbers, both

equal to each other, and more likely two identical letters in the alphabet. Iest any letter think itself better simply because it comes first alphabetically. (Imagine giving a phone number and address to someone that way - 11 aaaaaa aa. No. 111-1111). There would be some merit in this system, because this would force the new liberated woman to learn a letter and a number, though likely she would forget them in a week anyway.

This masterpiece of deductive logic, will hereafter be referred to as the Principle of Male Supremacy (PMS).

The most crucial part to understanding the staggering implications of this result (known to males for the better part of the age of the Universe) is that I prove they are unequal by assuming they are!

We begin with the baseless, nonsensical statement that females equal males. This I represent by X - Y.

$$\begin{aligned} X + Y &= 2Y \\ (X + Y)(X - Y) &= 2Y(X - Y) \\ X^2 - Y^2 &= 2YX - 2Y^2 \\ X^2 - Y^2 &= 2X^2 - 2Y^2 \quad (x = y) \end{aligned}$$

Realize what has happened! Women can only be equal to men if 1 - 2! Now you can confront these blasphemizing liberated women with an argument backed up by bullet-proof mathematical proofs. What self respecting libber can claim she is a male's intellectual equal if, by her own statement, 1 - 2? Women's lib has in effect cut its own throat with the very argument it presents. Remarkable, isn't it?

Another mathematical-bullet-proof is to be found in the Theory of Probability. The probability of an event is confined to lie in the interval 0 to 1, where 1 is the probability of a sure thing.

I will again state (although inaccurately) that women are the equal of men in every respect. (Excuse me for stifling my laughter). I will denote this by Pq-probability of woman's equality. One further thing that must be mentioned is that probabilities of independent events multiply. These are actually independent events, since Women's lib says women are just as good in matters of the mind as in housework. Then, the probability of them being equal in any one matter is '2'; that is, they are either equal, or not equal ... 50.24 + 30 - 59

be set to warm the nurses in the intensive care unit and all stroke readings and penetration depths are recorded by computer.

In this way the unit enables intensive observation of patient and nurse during her critical phase.

Dr. P. Hallus visited similar set-ups in Sweden and Paris to gather information and nurses which would make the Makfunlin unit the most modern and best available.

The unit, as part of the U of T department can also be used for research into the causes and treatment of VD and pregnancy.

With this specialized care, many patients usually want to spend longer than a week in the intensive treatment unit. A great deal can be done for header patients, and this new unit will give more knowledge of one of Canada's most commonest thrills.



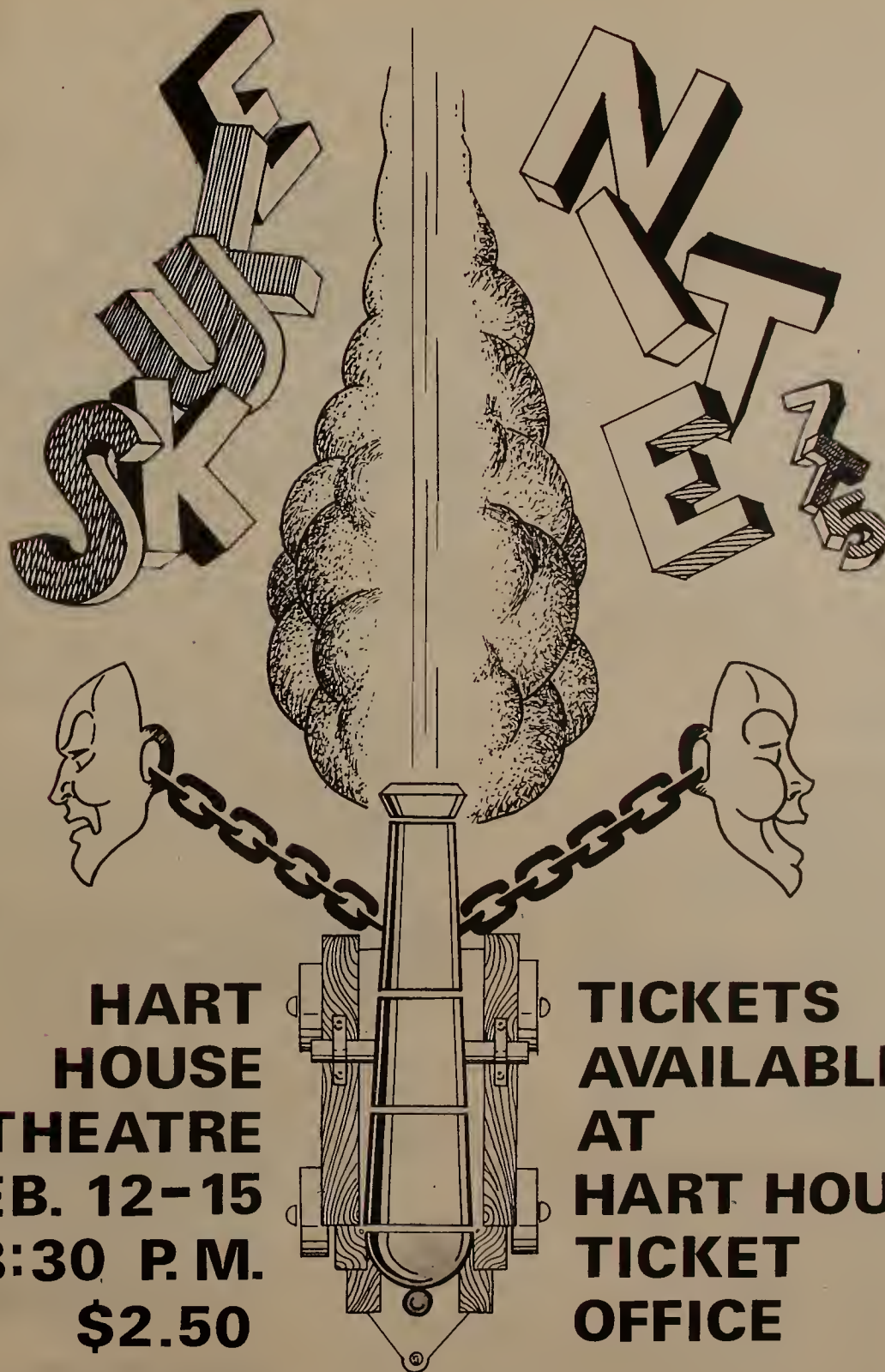
TWO INDUSTRIALS SHOOTING CRAP.

Headers are the third largest thrillers in Canada, but up to this year no specialized centres existed for the treatment of header patients. The first multi-disciplinary acute header unit in Canada was officially opened at Dunnybrooke Medical Centre on Tuesday, Jan. 14 of this year.

Dr. Leckensplitter, dean of Dunnybrooke, emphasized that the critical period for treatment of header victims was the first few hours following bed. As such the intensive care unit is outfitted with sophisticated equipment for the continuous use of the patients, computer monitoring of heart rate, blood pressure, interseminal pressure and five huge breasted first year nurses.

Adjustable double recliners can

The Engineering Society Presents



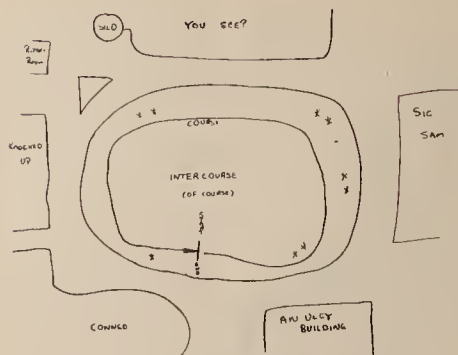
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FEB. 12-15
8:30 P.M.
\$2.50**

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AVAILABLE
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HART HOUSE
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THE ANNUAL ENGINEERING COMEDY REVUE

Opening Night Will Be Fully Licensed

7T5 CHARIOT RACE



A Decree from B.Y.A.B.

The official race judges B.Y.A.B. (Bakes, Young, and Burpee) decree the following to be the official order of finish of the 7T5 Skule Chariot Race:

- Winners: Mechanical
- Second: Engineering Science
- Third: Geological
- Fourth: First Year
- Fifth: Civil

Peter the Mechanical Mouse, and his little friend Gerry Brunka (Mechanical Club Chairperson), fully deserved their victory. After the complaints concerning loop-holes in the rules last year, The Bakes decided ten heads would be better than one for catching these loop-holes, so, a month ago, he invited the eight course club chair persons and the first year chairperson to make changes in the rules. The only chair-person who

participated actively in these rule changes was Gerry Brunka. His ingenuity in finding a loop-hole and in making use of the apathy of the other chairpersons should be applauded, not criticized. For those of you with complaints, all we can say is shove 'em up your ass for now, but tell them to us next year when the next set of rules is made up. Congratulations to Gerry and Peter, and all of the Mechanical blockers and pullers who put together an excellent team effort and fully deserve the Potts Memorial Trophy. (Ed. note) It seems that due to some slight lack of communications, there was a near riot on the field as to whether the Geological or Mechanical Club was responsible for the disappearance of the trophy, missing over the past few years.

Chariot Race

The Nth annual Engineering Society "Tea and Crunching" party was, for the first time ever this year, held on the front campus on January 31. Despite the horribly unsuitable conditions (bright sunshine and firm ground), participation was lively and enthusiastic as hundreds of Skulemen (and women, yet!) competed to show their proficiency in the time honoured arts of killing, crushing, and putting the boot in the groin.

Pre-race preparations went on far into Thursday night and Friday morning. The Industrial team mustered a fine effort and almost produced an entry, but rumor has it that they got caught up in an endless loop in a poorly planned time and motion study and never decided where to put the wheels. Maybe next year they could pick up a few pointers from the Geological crowd, and then both groups could work together on the problem of getting the wheels to stay on.

Astute observers at the race noticed that the Mechanical chariot (the old one) was sporting a few hastily done new welds; perhaps their mouse put in a few nibbles to insure his entry in his own subminiature version. Nevertheless, his strategy was a good one as he did win the race, thereby proving once again that Mechanical Engineers may all look big and dumb, but they all have minds like vermin.

No story would be complete without a mention of the Eng Sci chariot, voted unanimously the ugliest vehicle in Canada. This year, for a change, there were no

messy attacks on the chariot before the race: everyone agreed that no further damage would be noticeable. However, we should congratulate the Eng Sci group for their brilliant use of grease to allow the chariot to smoothly ride over, instead of through, bodies.

The race itself was packed with fun and excitement. Surprisingly enough, there were no major injuries, though there was plenty of blood and gore to satisfy even the most demanding spectator. The race was a closely contended one between the full-sized contestants; after Peter the mouse scampered

through with his easy upset, the judges had finished their lunches and were ready to head off for some Differential Equations before another entry broke through the masses of struggling bodies.

Next year Mechanical intends to enter one of the bacteria from Peter's upper left incisor, riding in a used gasket. The contest should be an interesting one, since Eng Sci expects to enter their warp drive chariot, which will not move itself but rather shift the universe (and the course) around it.

Love Eric



Continued Pg 1

Now the artsie was a gay fellow, more vile than any other creature in the land. Then did the vilest most dispicable hork faced artsie who was named Seymour enter into the garden. It said to the nurse, "Did G-diva say you shall not have anything in the annex?" And the Nurse said, "Fuck off artsie, we may not touch the cannon, or we shall lose our balls."

But the artsie said, "You have no balls to lose, wherefore may you indeed take the cannon, or I'll eat my SAC. For G-diva knows that should you have a a cannon you would be like her, and all the world would admire you. Verily I say unto you, you should have cannon parity." Then did the nurse take the cannon proclaiming she did not lose her balls, whereupon did all the creatures cum to see. Then she gave the cannon to the skuleman, and when he saw that it was a beautiful and fearsome weapon he took it. And he fired the cannon when all the creatured had cum. And this was the first gang bang.

G-diva heard the bang and came to the annex saying, "Who took the cannon?" Then did the nurse answer saying, "It was the artsie, for he told me I have no balls."

The Lady G-diva said to the artsie, "Because you have done this thing, cursed are you above all students. Into Sid Smith shall you go, and preach crap all the rest of your days. I will put enmity between you and the Skuleman and he shall piss on you and use your balls for cannon wadding."

To the nurse she said, "I shall greatly multiply your pain with sponge baths and rectal temperatures."

Then did she address herself to the Skuleman saying, "Because you have listened to the voice of your nurse and have fired the cannon which I commanded you not to touch, you shall toil and slave over

it and you shall carry it where ever you go. But it shall bring you pain, for men shall envy it and steal it from you. By the sweat of your ass shall you do problem sets and exams shall be brought upon your head."

Then G-diva made a hardhat for the Skuleman that he might be recognized as G-diva's chosen, and she sent him and his nurse forth from the annex. And they wondered in desolation till they came to the Graduate skule for where else should they go after being cast from U of T, but to the land of the rejects.

from Pg 8

Mathematical-bullet-proofs cont'd (into eternity)

Then, each matter being independent, the probabilities multiply. That is, $P_{eq} = \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \dots$ ad infinitum. Even a libber can tell you that this number is essentially zero at infinity. Thus the probability that woman is equal is zero. And all by the argument that they are equal in the first place. These consequences of the Principal of Male Supremacy are incredibly powerful, as they begin with the baseless premise that women are in fact equal, and prove the opposite, based on that premise.

As a humorous aside, see what the initials in Ms. stand for. Male supremacy. Mating and Supper. Meant to serve Money to spend. What more need be said on this topic? It was presented to the Master of the House for his enjoyment.

(This article appeared courtesy of a soon to be published book) 14+59-73

from Pg 4

college down on the heads of we poor SAC reps. If these barf brains are the reps of the college, it is a wonder that anyone out there can find his way to the toilet, and I'm not kidding. Stupid? They make Pharmacists look smart. Boring? They make Dentists the life of the party. Idiotic? They make artsies of UC (even Ol' Lucky) seem logical. Boors? they make even Mechanicals into the gentlemen of the campus. (and that's saying a lot).

When everybody finally got sick of Scarboro, we threw the turds out and we retired for the night. I headed, wearied by the night's activity, to my residence to get a beer at the Pig (I mean Lady) Night over at good ol' South House. After fighting my way through all those sexually starved women that made their way over from New College (where they say the men are all either gay or impotent) I was accosted by those Famous women of Pharmacy, D.P. and D.E. Old D.P. was hunting Medsies and D.E. was in her usual state, pissed to the eyes (so I ignored her blatant propositioning as only drunk's bragging, ie. "I can take all of South House on"). So tired out after bouncing all those drunken women from my door, I quietly went to sleep





A student researcher named Sue,
While studying on-campus brew,
Says the trend is now clear
To a beer without peer,
Labatt's 'Blue' is now 'in'
with 'Who's who'!



Labatt's Blue smiles along with you

York in the Road °

Keele & Steeles or what do you do when you get to a York in the Road ?

In case you don't get the significance of this title (being engineers, I understand you only deal with figures) I shall attempt to explain. But first you must imagine you are travelling on a road, a long empty road to a place far, far away, farther than the nurse's residence, farther than the Brunswick house, yes even farther than Vrinale College (where?) to a desolate barren wasteland in the wilds of northern Toronto; York University.

I realize this paper is only for engineers but we at York don't have a faculty of engineering and your editor (whom I met over several tables full of beer at one of the York pubs) said that just to give us guys in the forgotten corner of this city a break he would let me throw in my two cents worth.

I thought since this my first contribution to this paper I would break the ice with some typical York humour so you all could get the feel for the place. Here are two of our most popular jokes on campus.

Q: Why did the York student cross the road?

A: To search for the existential reality of the moralistic social mean via a vis the utilization of man's eternal search for his own self-justification ipso facti ceterus paribus true meaningfulness of opposed to moral indifference which hits at the very crux of the matter.

Q: How many York students does it take to make a phone call?

A: Fuck off with the jokes and get me another beer, you jerk. That's the way it goes, things aren't too funny up, down, around, over here.

Actually this article is serving one useful purpose. It is to inform you of the fact that this paper is about to go through a change in style and content. content. It has been rumoured that the SAC is about to cut off the funds which they give the Toike due to several slanderous articles and the York Students Organization (CYSF) saw here an excellent opportunity to begin the slow process of assimilation planned for your university.

So let me warn you now that one York moves in and more people like me contribute articles you can expect changes like a new name — TOIKE YOIKE or TORK YOR or even YORK TORK — and a new style in articles — SOCIALISM AND PHARMACISTS, WHICH WAY NOW CHAIRMAN MAO? or IS VERSAFOOD A CAPITALIST PLOT? (a York joke for expatriots) and a new funny page — YORK JOKES. So consider yourself warned.

Well I'll leave you with a few thoughts which we all hold dear at the Big Y, Jean-Paul Sartre and Karl Mark were right, long live socialism, and in the words of Yorks more illustrious graduates, Irv Weinstein, "We are all artists here"

UP
YORK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A committee was appointed by this paper to report on some new solutions to boring past-times that were indulged in by bored members of the residence population. These were of course a variation on some bed games.

In the continuing effort to provide you with relevant new information, we have decided to give the well informed student some information about such well known games as pre marital sex. This article deals with Aphrodisiacs.

Powdered Rhino Horn: This is a particularly effective aphrodisiac that is taken orally. The material collects in the pubic region and as

such magnifies the original member at least ten-fold. However, there are a few side-effects that appear, but never disappear quickly. These are: a noticeable near-sightedness, then dark, thickening hide, followed by mad, uncontrollable desire to charge bright objects. Aside from these few minor annoyances, this is well worth the exorbitant price. On sale in Nairobi, where-ever explorers are bailed in open pots.

Mango Roots: This aphrodisiac has been known since the dawn of time. Unfortunately, it also smells as though it has been laying around

since the dawn of time. This undesirable effect is quickly overcome by mixing it with a liberal amount of deodrant before swallowing. Caution: Too large a dosage (anything above 1 gram) causes severe problems such as: taking root if you stand in one place for any length of time, sprouting leaves, and swaying in the wind. These subtle changes are only noticed when the user finds himself being used as a bird's nest, shade for children on a sunny day, and as a relief post for dogs. Comes in 2 gram pellets, on sale at any Department of Forestry information office.

New Department Policy

The personnel Department of this firm will apply a new program to all employees, starting immediately.

The program is designed to phase out as many jobs of this organization as possible, although NO PRIOR announcement will be made, and will be called "RAPE" ("Retire all personnel early") All employees who are "RAPED" will have an opportunity to seek other employment and will be able to seek a review of their records before leaving. This phase of the cut-back is dubbed "SCREW" ("Survey of

capabilities of retired early workers")

One last chance is promised by this firm to employees who have been "RAPED" of "SCREWED". They may appeal to a final review group called "SHAFT" ("Survey by higher authority following termination").

Employees who are "RAPED" maybe allowed only one additional "SCREWING", but maybe allowed the "SHAFT" as many times as they desire.

Sulphuric acid: This effective drug act by completely irritating the genital area, causing one to find relief in the inviting genital area of the opposite sex. This has severe limitations if used in gallon doses. It has been known to peel the skin off many a one's proud tool in no time flat. This is obviously best for use on females. Who cares for their discomfort?

This is obviously an incomplete list of all the sexual heightening drugs available on the market. With a little imagination, the inventive grad can experiment with his own creations.

Truth Will Out

It has come to the attention of the ace Toike reporting staff that the Christmas issue of the Toike Oike has broken new ground in the field of controversy. The following story is true and actual.

A second year geography student - the daughter of a prominent member of the University of Toronto Botany department took home a copy of the Christmas Toike last December and gave it to her little brother, a grade 12 student at York Mills Collegiate. He in turn passed it around among his friends, one of whom was the son of a professor of Dentistry at this University.

It may be recalled that that particular issue of the Toike contained a number of jokes which made reference to Dentistry. When this was noticed by this particular Dentistry professor it sparked the greatest sense of rage ever produced by the Toike since last year's Italian snow tire ad.

As a result, the professor in question has refused to permit his son to invite his former friend into his house any longer, and a beautiful friendship has been crushed like a fragile spring flower. Whether war will be declared between the departments of Dentistry and Engineering across the territory of the Botany

Department is something about which we can only conjecture. Meanwhile, an entire high school is being torn by strife between two former friends.

Come on, Professor F, let David and Ronald play together once again, and do it let them go through life forever scarred because of the transgressions of a foolish period in their youth. If you don't agree to take a more sensible attitude towards this whole matter and also send \$100 in unmarked bills to the Toike Oike office by next Tuesday, we will feel compelled to reveal in this paper the other three letters in your last name and the fact that it rhymes with disk.

From the Faculty Office "Space Headaches"

Students and professors in the Faculty are well aware by now that there is a real shortage of rooms. Again this term some classes find that they have been assigned lecture rooms for tutorials or term tests instead of rooms with tables. Complaints have been made to the dean's office both by professors and by class reps about the rooms assigned but only in a couple of cases have satisfactory room changes been possible. Usually a check of the room-booking schedules have shown that there simply is no alternative unless classes are re-scheduled from 4 to 6 pm, or before 9 am.

And the sad news is that the problem is likely to get worse, if anything, before it improves since space shortage is a campus-wide problem and the university has no funds to construct new teaching space. Nor for that matter is it possible to renovate or maintain adequately existing old space which the Faculty must continue to use amid staff and student protests, in

the Sandford Fleming and Mining buildings.

Increasing first year enrolments in engineering during the past two years have accentuated the room shortage, particularly rooms that will accommodate more than 60 students.

The dean and his staff are very concerned about the inconvenience and annoyance to students and professors caused by the room shortage and are seeking both long-term and immediate solutions. Considerations is being given even to the feasibility of obtaining several classroom portables, and/or to the possibility of staggering first year lecture hours starting next fall with some scheduled at 8 o'clock in the morning.

A plea is made for the entire faculty — student, staff and tutorial leaders to show understanding and fore bearance in the trying circumstances until the situation improves.

R. Jervis



Gynecology self-taught for fun and profit.

SPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTO

A synchronized swimming competition was held Tuesday, January 28. Three engineers entered the four divisions of floating, moving, sinking and splashing. The tension of the meet was built up in such performances as "canoes", "porpoises", "torpedoes" and "propellers". However, the culmination of the competition was in the "Big Splash", an exhibition of techniques, as yet, largely untaught. A clear winner was not evident until a shy young woman took to the board, Susan Salari, using a secret Italian method, easily claimed first place. At last we are authorized to reveal her

techniques: an enthusiastic banana-can opener combination. With cheering fans and photographers crowding around, Susan accepted her rubber duck award.

In the more conventional categories of skills, Debbie Anthony took seventeenth place, Susan Salari, twelfth place and the buoyant belle of engineering, known to some as "Red Eye" or "Mother Earth", Holly Hall, claimed sixth place. Sue Salari also took third place in diving.

A plea for dignity of synchronized swimming, a sport originating in Canada, was submitted to the officials.

Volleyball

Two volleyball teams entered the regular season of play this year. The first team's schedule ended last week with a 6 win, 2 loss record. Both defeats were to P.H.E. teams, those paragons of physical fitness and athletic skill. With such a short season, volleyball consistency is often difficult to assess and development of skills unlikely. However, exhaustive 8 a.m. practices under patient guidance has raised the calibre of play of last year's B-league champions to a competitive A-league level.

The second team is only one third through its season with a 2-win, 1-lose

and 1-loss standing. They play three matches this evening beginning at 6:30 p.m. and four matches next Thursday commencing at the same hour. Spectators are welcome. The games are fast and furious.

An exhibition match with an Armenian team on an extended Canadian tour will finish the schedule in February.

Saturday, January 25 marked the debut of women's volleyball at Hart House; not a stunning debut but a debut just the same. Five teams showed up at the first International Civil Volleyball Tournament. Unfortunately two factors lowered the calibre of the games played. The structure of Hart House's upper

gym is poor in many respects: lighting, ceiling height, seating of spectators and conflicting concurrent activities such as trampolines behind the court. Refereeing was purposely lax on the premise that stricter calling of the rules would be detrimental to play. Consequently the level of play sank to a very low level. Sour grapes? Not really. But the scores for the games were hardly indicative of ability. The strategy for the Engineering Volleyball Tournament on Saturday, February 8 at Benson Building will be more along the lines of infiltration into individual class team. Defeated once but hardly discouraged.